

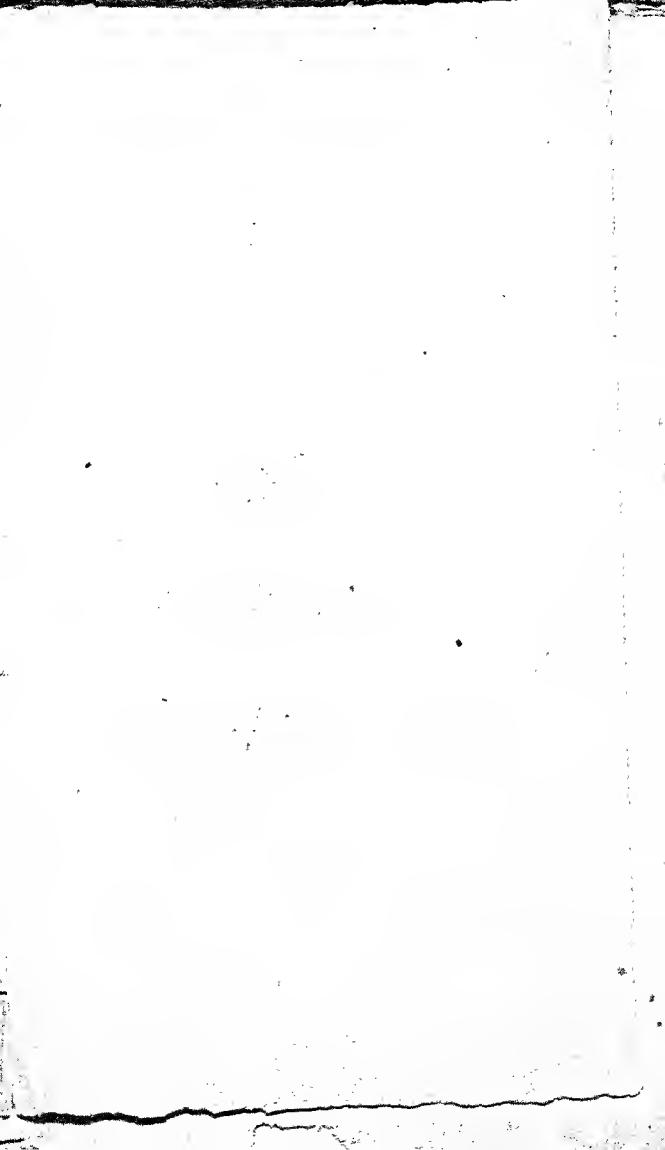
OPHIEL; or, The Bride of Seven. Maria Del Occi-
ente. [Maria Brooks.] 16mo, cloth. Scarce.

Boston, 1834.

The most impassioned and most imaginative of all poetesses."—
Suthey.

77. M. C. K.





FORMER
The first publication of Mrs. Brooks,
authoress of "Zephior."

See "Maria del Occidente."

JUDITH, ESTHER,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY A LOVER OF THE FINE ARTS.

[i. e. *Mrs. Maria Gowan Brooks.*]

Si acquista baldanza
Per troppa speranza;
Si perde la fede
Per troppo timor.

—Della serpe in seno
Il fior si fa veleno
In sen dell'ape il fiore
Dolce liquor si fa'.

Metastasio.



BOSTON :

PUBLISHED BY CUMMINGS AND HILLIARD.

1820.

Univ. Press...Hilliard & Metcalf.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the short poems of Judith and Esther, the author has merely attempted the description of two females differing entirely in mind and person, yet equal in excellence; and has chosen only so much of their respective histories as might serve to produce the most striking picture of each.

In Judith, it was intended to delineate prudence, fortitude, and decision, softened by a tincture of feminine sensibility: in Esther a soul, painfully alive to every tender emotion; a noble elevation of mind, struggling with constitutional softness and timidity. Such a character must the reader imagine before he can enter into her distress, her irresolution, her hopes and her fears, ere she subdues them all, and voluntarily braves death, (or what is worse to her, the

displeasure of him who had raised her from poverty to splendour,) for her friends and for her country.

The fugitive pieces are, most of them, written under the influence of vivid impressions, and those in narrative form were suggested by circumstances, which occurred in reality.

INTRODUCTION.

Ye who admire the lofty-moving strain,
See fierce Achilles tread the corse-strown plain,
Behold proud Troy in flames, or turn your eyes
Where, pale and gasping, noble Hector lies.
Or, do you love when darkly lours the night
To hear of wizard grim and goblin sprite,
Go see the moon illumine the storied pane
And seek the *book* with shuddering Deloraine.
Delight your hearts in tumult, what a grace
In young Zuleika's *music* breathing face!
Love you mild beauty, on the forehead fair,
Of guileless Gertrude see her *parted hair*,
Or, pleases most, the sad, impassioned tale,
With Eloisa's sighs resound the cloisters pale.
But, native youths and maids, with forms as bright
As rosy dreams that crown the summer night,
When angry winds against your casements throw
The tinkling sleet or softly-falling snow,
Or when the moon wandering o'er frozen streams
Coldly upon dismantled willow gleams,
When no congenial, kindly heart is nigh
And your lone bosoms heave th' unbidden sigh,
Or, youthful mothers, who soft vigil's leep
O'er smiling cherubs wrapt in dewy sleep,

And silent sit, the live-long eve, and hear
Every sweet breath that warms the pallet near,
On such a night if my rude lay has power
To mitigate the dreariness of the hour,
Or lend one melancholy moment speed—
Bless thee, my harp! I ask no other need.

DEDICATION.

To that dear friend who cheer'd my first faint lays
With the hope-kindling breath of timely praise,
And taught my song, of wild spontaneous flow,
Whate'er of art its simple numbers know.

Lady, I've wov'n for thee a wreath,
Tho' pale the buds that gem it,
Think of the gloom they grew beneath,
Nor utterly condemn it.

Scarce in my cradle was I laid
Ere Fate relentless bound me,
Deep in a narrow vale of shade
Where prisoning rocks surround me.

Lady, I've culled a wreath for you,
From the few flowers that grow there,
Because 'twas all that I could do
To lull the sense of woe there.

Yet, Lady, I have known delight
The heart with bliss o'erflowing,
Endearing forms have blest my sight
With soul and beauty glowing.

For Hope came all arrayed in light
 And pitying stood before me,
 Smiled on each flinty barrier's height
 And to its summit bore me.

She showed many a scene divine—
 She told me—and descended—
 Of joys that never must be mine—
 And then—her power was ended.

Oh, pleasures dead as soon as born,
 To be forgotten never!
 Oh, moments—fleeting—few—and gone
 To be regretted ever!

A few sweet waves of glowing light
 Upon time's dreary ocean—
 Light gales that wake the dead calm night
 To momentary motion—

Bright beams that in their beauty bless
 A dark and desert plain—
 To show its fearful loneliness—
 And disappear again.

Yet oft she hovers o'er me now,
 Each soothing effort making,
 So mother's kiss the infant's brow
 But cannot cure its aching.

Then, Lady, oh, accept my wreath,
Though all beside condemn it,
Think of the gloom it grew beneath
Nor utterly condemn it.

MARIA.

JUDITH.

CALM was the hour ; Bethulia's fertile heights
Rose duskily ; night's dome of deepened blue
Swelled beauteous o'er her countless founts of light,
Softening their brilliancy with gentle dew.

Sad city, thou behold'st with dying hopes
Thy mountains mournful in the mellow beams,
The stranger's tent conceals their flowery slopes,
And hostile hands withhold their plenteous streams !

And, mourning in thy streets, thy children bare
(Opening the lip, blood-wet or sorely dry,)
Their burning bosoms ; while the moistened air
Heightens the thirst it cannot satisfy.

With even step in mourning garb arrayed
Fair Judith walked, and grandeur marked her air,
Though humble dust, in pious sprinklings laid,
Soiled the dark tresses of her copious hair.

While to her dwelling's tented top ascends
The voice of many a sufferer below,
Who, supplicating at her portal, spends
His fainting breath in hollow tones of woe.

A faithful maiden on the battlement,
Where pity still impelled her, bending o'er,
Though her heart bled at every accent, learnt
And wept the woes she could not soften more.

With cheek unstained by unavailing tears
Judith beheld ; her noble heart was wrung,
Yet pensively serene her brow appears,
And wisdom's words flow sweeten'd by her tongue.

"Sapphira, weep no more, thou gentle maid,
But once again their piercing griefs allay,
To all alike be bountiful," she said,
"As far as with our wasted means we may."

"When thou art pleased, dear lady, to command,
'Tis not for me to utter weak replies ;
Yet, I entreat thee close thy bounteous hand,
All that we now have left would scarce suffice.

"To each a scanty draught—tomorrow's noon
With scorching breath shall tell thy throbbing veins,
The last thick drop from every cistern's gone,
Save that which still thy beauteous boy sustains."

"But for a hope, sure 'tis a hope from heaven !
To keep our altars from pollution free,
All, save for him alone, ere now were given,
And we had shared the general misery.

“Then if our prayers and sufferings could not move
The Lord to look in mercy from his throne,
Our uncomplaining patience we would prove.
And die the general trespass to atone.

“Would die? Alas! ’twill not be ours to die,
When the vile heathen ope our temple’s doors,
How many a wronged and wretched one will sigh,
In her life blood, to wash its holy floors.

“If succour come not, ere five days are o’er,
This morn our elders yielded the decree,
Sad children of captivity once more,
We crouch before the impious enemy.

“But haste thee to thy task of charity,
Do all thou canst and bid them not complain,”
She said, and bent in humbleness the knee
Until th’ attentive maid returned again.

Then thus returned, “Prepare the rich array,
Which in my days of joyfulness I wore;
This evening’s moon must light me on the way
To bring you blest relief—or come no more.

“With one weak virgin through Bethulia’s vale
I go to seek the Assyrian chief to night;
Through lawless hounds that trust in spear and mail,
Wild with success and glorying in their might.

" Armed in compassion and in faith, I dare
The threatening horrors of that dangerous way—
Nor trust, to purchase shameful safety there,
The colouring and structure of my clay.

" These limbs have ne'er in soft allurement moved,
This face could never smile with syren art,
My honoured lord in his uprightness loved,
Nor needed more to fix his constant heart.

" I know thy love would every peril brave,
And well would wish to bid thee follow me,
But may thy care, so true and tender, save
My boy—that dearer one remains with thee.

" Oh! my Sapphira! if these towers must fall,
If naught avails, and ye are captive led—
Teach his young heart to know the Lord of all,
And tell him in what cause his mother bled.

" But much is to be done, the evening wends
My ripened purpose may not brook delay,"
She said, and with Sapphira mild descends,
To cast her robes of widowhood away.

Now, all the needful preparation done,
Her handmaid waits the moment to depart;
But in sweet slumber rests her little son,
And all the mother struggles at her heart.

"He will be safe," she said, "or should he not,
His life is heaven's—be it what it may."
Thus spake Religion, but the tender thought
Evades its power, she sought him as he lay.

Softly supine his rosy limbs reposed,
His locks curled high leaving the forehead bare,
And o'er his eyes the light lids gently closed,
As they had feared to hide the brilliance there.

She kissed his fragrant lips, and that high soul
Had melted, but Sapphira's hursting sigh
Recalled her slumbering wisdom to control,
The tear that almost trembled in her eye.

Now to Bethulia's gate, the intrepid dame,
Where the chief elders of the City stand,
Attended by one trembling follower came;
Bethulia's gate was oped at her command.

For though her purpose was but known in part,
From earliest childhood not a breath had soiled
The fairness of her fame: Detraction's dart
From that bright crystal rock, fell ever foiled.

And all in wonder of her beauty stood,
To see her on the mountain-path's descent,
They knew, whatever her intent, 'twas good,
And raised the hand and blessed her as she went.

Soon, with still step, she treads the vale of dew,
 Where its clear founts in mournful murmurs play,
 And the first watch of the Assyrian crew,
 Beholds and intercepts her on the way.

“Whence art thou come and whither doest thou go?”

“Behold a Hebrew woman. I have come
 From yon devoted city, for I know
 My nation must be given you to consume.

“Where is your warlike leader? To declare
 Alone to him a tale of truth, I fled.
 Soon may you win our hills and vallies fair,
 Nor shall a single drop of blood be shed.”

“So hast thou saved they life, and bravely done.
 Go to his presence, fearlessly and free,
 Declare thy purpose: never yet was known
 Our lord to scorn a messenger like thee.”

Quick to conduct the beauty to his tent,
 A hundred ready warriors they chose,
 While to the chief a favourite youth was sent,
 Of flowing speech to lure him from repose.

In languid posture the proud victor lay,
 Gem-broidered purple canopied his bed,
 Soft Pleasure's breath had warmed th' inactive day,
 But light-winged slumber fluttered o'er his head.

When thus the youth, "rise—~~mighty~~ conqueror, rise!
 For more than thou can'st dream of beauty bright
 Is blooming for thee! Here, ope thine eyes!
 Oh, sun, the loveliest moon is suing for thy light!"

He slowly raised him at the gentle sound—
 "Surpassing fair—Bagoas—dost thou say?"
 "Fairer than pearls—the like cannot be found
 From'—"Help me then to rise. Slaves, lead the way."

All unadjusted from his couch he rose:
 While borne before him lamps of silver flame,
 As 'twere alike, or beauty, or repose,
 With leisure step, indifferent he came.

So many bowed beneath his conquering arms,
 So many lovely captives wait his sigh,
 Unmoved he wanders through a world of charms,
 And scarcely raises his fastidious eye.

And well he deemed that now some tender maid,
 While thousand fears her hapless bosom shook,
 Her timid charms—her all that's left, displayed,
 Supremely happy, if he deigned to look.

But firm at his approach, the stately dame
 Stood, like a graceful column, and with cheek
 Crimsoned by scorn, when near the pagan came,
 She slowly fell before him proudly meek.

Silent he stood a moment, with surprise
 His every movement, every look, was fraught :
 Then " whatso'er thy purpose, lady, rise,
 Declare to me thy nation, fear thou naught.

Judith arose, and uttered the deceit,
 Her soul disclaimed the while, in accents free :
 Her rounded tones flow from her lips as sweet
 And fragrant as the drops of Carmel's bee.

" Oh ! thou most excellent of all the earth,
 Alike in wisdom as in war renowned !
 Receive thy handmaiden, of Hebrew birth,
 So shall thine efforts with success be crowned !

" My nation trusteth in her God alone,
 Nor sword nor spear against her can prevail,
 But for their sins her children must atone,
 Death's on the watch and all their succours fail.

" The first fair ears that crown the gilded field,
 The first ripe clusters of the curling vine,
 The first rich streams our teeming olives yield,
 Are food forbidden by a law divine.

" Those holy fruits reserved and sanctified.
 'Tis sacrilege to touch with hands profane ;
 But their impatient wants must be supplied,
 And, daring all, they will not long abstain.

"By the great God I've ever served, their fate
Is given me to know, in secret thought,
Nor might I there its consummation wait,
But to declare it all thy presence sought.

"I will remain and every night, intent,
Go out to pray beside a lonely stream ;
And when their crimes are ripe for punishment
It will be told me in a holy dream.

"Soon as with duteous haste I make it known,
Follow me, warrior ; the way I'll lead,
Till in Jerusalem thou sett'st thy throne,
Not ev'n an insect's voice shall wake the mead."

Her mellow accents ceased, hut at his heart
Sweetly reverberates their magic sound ;
From his dark eyes his wild emotions dart,
And thus his tongue impetuous utterance found.

Thou mine of wisdom, gem of light divine,
Do as thy soul directs thee ! Thou art free :
All once performed, the god thou serv'st is mine,
Well may he be adored for forming thee !

So, pondering on her purpose, Judith stayed
Within her tent, while three days lent their light ;
And thence with fervency went out and prayed,
And bathed her in a lucid stream by night.

Now, on the fourth, th' impatient victor spread
 A sumptuous feast, the moments to beguile,
 That all around with drooping pinions tread,
 And pant to sport in the fair Hebrew's smile.

"Bagoas, linger not, allure her here,"
 He said, "with fairest promise I can find
 No joy hut in her presence. Ah! I fear—
 Is the eye loveless when the heart is kind?"

His lord's companion in the lingering hour,
 Well knew the youth to feed Hope's flickering flame,
 And flowing from his lip of ready power,
 As quick as thought the soothing answer came.

'Smiles still had blest thee, conqueror, but she knew
 In too much sun the plant will languid prove;
 And all those looks of coldness are but dew,
 Fal'n to refresh the roses of thy love.

'Why doubts my lord? Mayst thou not find as fair?
 Deep in Judea's vales what flowers must glow!
 Full soon thy love in thankfulness she'll share,—
 Frown not, e'en now, to make thee blest, I go.'

In expectation sat the noble dame,
 For well she knew th' eventful hour drew nigh;
 And rose and deckt her, when the summons came,
 With every pleasing art to lure the eye.

Long was the feast, the shades of night were up,
 But countless lamps a noon-light splendour shed,
 The thoughtless pagans ply the glittering cup,
 And pleasure silenced every thought of dread.

Near the enamoured chief with wine elate,
 Her hair, save what composed the platted wreath,
 In glossy waves descending, Judith sate
 On skins of silky softness spread beneath.

Above her forehead, fair, mid many a tress,
 Her graceful head a bright tiara wore,
 Yet seemed, so much was there of loftiness,
 As it disdained the ornaments it bore.

While holy scorn and detestation high,
 Oft as the treacherous stream she bows to sip,
 Fires the bright convex of her jetty eye,
 And curls the living vermil of her lip.

The chief beheld her heightened beauties glow,
 And his devoted temples ached to rest,
 Temples, which oft dark ire's suffusion shew,
 On the smooth arch of her majestic breast.

Her soul recoiled—o'er all the gorgeous place
 Profusion fed luxurious revelry—
 A little distant, her afflicted race
 Have nought to drink but tears of agony.

But the blest thought, to see them all repose
 On Plenty's couch ; their wounded souls to cure ;
 To drown, in the impious tyrant's blood, their woes ;
 Gave renovated patience to endure.

The revellers are gone, the banquet's o'er,
 And every weary slave to rest has sped ;
 Bagoas but remains to close the door
 And lead th' inebriate warrior to his bed.

Ere he departs, Judith with prudent care,
 Commands her maid to wait her coming forth,
 To seek the fountain at the hour of prayer,
 And stayed ; nor seemed, at his entreaty, loth.

Scarcely the chief his silken pillow prest,
 Before his towering form reposed supine ;
 The fair so warmly wished his presence blest,
 But love lay senseless in a sea of wine.

Watchful Bagoas, thou too wert in bed,
 The Hebrew with thy lord was left alone,
 And in the lamp-beam gleaming o'er his head
 With fatal light, his glittering falchion shone.

"So, his dread folds unbraced, the sated snake
 In his own den's fell depths, unfearing lies !
 Oh ! for thine own, thy suffering people's sake,
 My God, nerve thou this arm and end my enterprize !"

She said, and wreathed her fingers in his hair,
 Then, his last breath the proud oppressor drew;
 The blade her right hand wielded high in air
 Descends: his neck was bare, her hand was true.

Mid the warm gush she smote him yet again,
 And when the quivering visage severed lay,
 Wiped from her ivory arms the steaming stain,
 And took the costly canopy away.

Then wrapping carefully the streaming head,
 Lest crimson traces might declare the tale,
 Gave them in silence to her trembling maid,
 And as accustomed, nightly, sought the vale.

Silent they left the fountain's margin damp,
 No watch interrogates the favoured dame,
 Saw from Bethulia's mount the fated camp,
 And near the gates of the loved city came.

Then Judith's voice awoke the silent night:
 "Descend, O watch, and praise the great divine!
 Weeping Judea, arm thee in his might!
 Arise! Arise! The enemy is thine!"

Soon as that voice in accents softly loud
 Proclaimed 'twas Judith who her kindred sought,
 With beating hearts around the gate thy crowd,
 And light a flame to see what she had brought.

"Behold," she cries, "proud Holofernes' head,
Ta'en by my hand, as in his wine he slept;
Behold this canopy: it deckt his bed,
Yet by my God from every stain I'm kept,

"Now, every one that bears a sword or spear,
For a great battle get ye in array;
Soon as the morn's first glimmerings appear,
High on the mountain make a brave display.

"Then the Assyrians, seeing from the plain,
To seek their leader in his tent will haste,
And pale with fear behold the slayer slain,
Headless, and in his own vile gore debased.

"While yet the sight congeals their pampered blood,
Rush on them! all in their confusion, smite!
Nor rest nor respite till the impious brood
Lie like plucked grapes, in heaps before your sight."

ESTHER.

THUS Esther spoke, when for a fearful deed,
Soft Persia's sovereign yielded his decree;
And every Hebrew in his realm to bleed
Was destined, but to please a favourite's cruelty.

“And was I made a powerless queen to see,
Only with bitterer pains a day so dire?
What, proud oppressor, can it profit thee,
Though all my unoffending race expire?”

“Ten thousand slaves thy slightest look obey,
A powerful sovereign's smile thy bosom cheers,
Yet from the glowing scene thou turn'st away,
And seek'st thy happiness in groans and tears.

“I must avert the fell design—yet how?
What can a weak and artless woman do?
Who, till the diadem begirt her brow,
Nought but the name of guilt or grandeur knew.

“Oh! happier far the sun-burnt maid who toils
Where ne'er a court its baneful splendour shed,
And scarcely scares the hummer from his spoils,
In gathering garlands for her firstlings' head!

"Who, when the Persian's god has left his ear,
And eve's soft gales refreshing coolness bear,
Sees her loved shepherd view the lucid star,
With scarce a joy to wish, and naught to fear.

"The law is death—yet, should I trembling dare—
Formed for entreaty—gentle, meek, and mild—
The lion, fierce for blood, will sometimes spare,
For pride or pity's sake, the helpless child—

"Sore is the meed of disobedience—
That, to her grief, dishonoured Vashti knew;
And all her beauty, for the slight offence
From an offended lord no pardon drew.

"But, I am loved, my monarch says, most dear,
And the soft word was softened by his look—
Esther, be firm and banish every fear!
Can he who loves, so well, thy death-blow brook?

"Ah treacherous hope!—turn thou, my soul, with dread,
Those words, those melting looks, another's were—
Yes, hapless queen, thine were my throne and bed;
Another still—full soon may triumph there.

"Yet Heaven watches o'er the innocent,
And suffers guilt to triumph but a day—
Heaven's Lord, in all my fortunes blaze, I've leant
Still, still on thee, oh! cast me not away!

"Deign, while my spotless virgins lowly bend,
 And raise the tearful anxious eye to thee,
 High over kings exalted, deign to send
 From thy dread throne, one pitying thought for me!"

Awhile she paused, her looks still raised to heaven,
 Those looks which every passing thought confest,
 Then thus resumed, as Heaven relief had given,
 And calmed the tumult of her gentle breast.

"To mitigate their fearful ~~dome~~ I'll try
 To please my lord, once more, it may be mine—
 And oh! my wretched country, if I die,
 I only mix my worthless blood with thine.

"Take ye, my maids, this mournful garb away,
 Bring all my glowing gems and garments fair,
 A nation's fate impending, hangs to day,
 But on my beauty and your duteous care."

Prompt to obey, her ivory form they lave;
 Some comb and braid her hair of wavy gold,
 Some softly wipe away the limpid wave
 That o'er her dimply limbs in drops of fragrance rolled.

Refreshed and faultless from their hands she came,
 Like form celestial clad in raiment bright,
 O'er all her garb rich India's treasures flame,
 In mingling beams of rain-bow coloured light.

O'er her smooth brow soft ringlets left to flow,
 Played twinkling o'er the turban's stainless white,
 As lingering sunbeams beautifully glow
 Blue Caucasus, around thy snowy height.

Graceful she entered the forbidden court,
 Her bosom throbbing with its purpose high,
 Slow were her steps, and unassured her port,
 While hope just trembled in her azure eye.

Light on the marble fell her ermine tread,
 And when the king, reclined in musing mood,
 Lifts at the gentle sound his stately head,
 Low at his feet the sweet intruder stood.

O King, a colder heart than thine had felt
 At such an hour, such suppliant's soft controul—
 Her guileless looks th' admiring monarch melt,
 Who thus, disordered, uttered forth his soul.

'What would my Queen, and what is her desire?
 Tremble not, Esther, tell thy wish to me,
 For shouldst thou half fair Persia's realm require,
 Speak hut a word, and I will give it thee.'

"Most gracious lord," in modest tone, she said,
 "Since thou art pleased to listen, my request
 Is that the banquet, which to day I spread,
 May be with thy majestic presence blest.

"And that thou also bidd'st the Agagite,
Who next thyself magnificently placed,
Though thousands sigh, enjoys the envied height
With all the lustre of thy favour graced."

The charmed monarch gave a glad assent
And bade a slave the sovereign will declare.
Meantime her happy way fair Esther went,
To join her maidens in the thankful prayer.

And frame the tale with truth's persuasive word,
To undeceive her lord's too ready ear,
And to confound, ev'en at the genial board,
The wretch who in his pride prepared him to appear.

TO ONE,

who had taken laudanum to enliven himself.

AND canst thou thus, my Edwin, woo thy doom
 When there are those who prize thy life so dearly,
 Because a transient gloom obscures thy soul,
 And thy pulse beats not to its wonted time?
 Mad pleasure's throb we may not always know :—
 The heart's bright ruby streams would burst their bourns
 And struggling life sink in the wild disorder.
 Or should the strength of Nature's works resist
 And firmly stand besieging dissolution,
 Soon would the heated mind become a waste,
 Like those vast plains beneath the burning line.
 Each flower that fair affection rears would die ;
 Pure Virtue's springs yield up their last sweet drop,
 While on their barren shores the reptile vice
 Wou'd hide her evil egg, and to the ray
 Call forth with foetid hiss her writhing young.

Shame ! if perchance thy spirits droop, arise !
 Drink the young blooming morning's fragrant breath,
 Then haste, all glowing with her rosy light,
 Take the dear harp thou know'st to touch so sweetly,
 And while the heaving ocean kisses heaven,
 Whose hues empurpled veil the radiant star,
 Pour forth a lay of gratitude and love.

So shall some blue-eyed, white-winged angel hear
 And all the live-long day watch and protect thee.
 Or (can it please thee better?) lie thou long,
 Wasted and languid on the late-sought couch,
 And when the hour inert grows too oppressive,
 Slowly arise enervate, and with hand
 That trembling does its office, faintly reach
 Th' infernal poppy's black and baleful juice.
 The which I ne'er behold, but a cold corse
 All grim with poison, from its bed impure
 Rises distinct to fright my shrinking fancy.

No, Edwin, no! thou wert not formed for this,
 For I have heard such accents from thy lips
 As sure a soul polluted could not dictate.
 Then guard thy heart susceptible and learn
 To love such calm delights as hide not death.

Think of a matron who, like Virtue's self,
 Grows lovelier from having known her long;
 Whose brightly beaming eye and dulcet voice
 Heightens thy filial love to adoration;
 Whom even Time admires, and will not touch
 Rudely enough to leave his cruel traces.
 Think of the hour that gave thee to her arms
 When her soft form had scarcely banished childhood.
 Think with what joy she clasped thee to her heart,
 Just entering on a world, till then unknown,
 Of new and dear emotion, wordless bliss.

Think how thou trembled'st in her raptured arms
 That feared to hurt thee with their warm embrace,
 While heaven-refined, swift coursing through her veins
 The sweet draught sought thy lip, by heaven instructed.
 Think how her love could meet thine early doom,
 And scorn not the remonstrance of a friend.



HYMN.

THOU who behold'st the secret mind,
 The silken nerve's mysterious play,
 Turn not from me, O, ever kind,
 Thy life dispensing glance away !

The world looks dark, my soul is sad,
 Hope's trembling buds the cold blast sears,
 And Fancy all in sable clad
 Kneeling bedews them with her tears.

Thou who canst stay the whirlwind's power
 And change it to a soothing sigh,
 Come like the warm and silent shower,
 Soft trickling from an April sky.

Come like the renovating breeze,
 That sweeps the mountain's rocky side ;
 Bid the faint heart its wo-throb cease,
 And swell with energetic pride.

'Tis thou the tender breast can'st arm
 When fierce misfortune's storms are high,
 And bid the trembler brave the storm
 With brow composed and fearless eye.

When scarce the panting lip has prest,
 Thou bid'st the charm from pleasure baer,
 That reft of all its promised zest
 Falls tasteless on the languid heart.

Oh, pain, care, toil, when thou unseen
 Deign'st to support, 'tis sweet to bear !
 And all that's glowing, soft, serene,
 Is joyless if thou art not there.

MONODY

on ——— lately killed in a duel.

" Ille mi par esse deo videtur."

AH would the ball that laid thee low
 Still in the dark earth rested !
 Ere all in youth's too ardent glow,
 The deadly blow was breasted.
 As perfect tower'd that matchless head
 As some fond sculptress formed it,
 And heaven disdaining not to aid
 With heaven's own life-fires warmed it.

Ah ! would thy heart had beat more calm
 When maddened honour tost it,
 And Reason, fainting in the storm,
 Strove vainly to accost it !
 So lovely was thy latest sleep,
 The eye that never knew thee,
 Turned from the beauteous sight to weep,
 On lingering stayed to view thee.

In death's cold dews those locks reposed,
 In yester's moon-beam veering,
 Those dark, bright, azure lights were closed,
 Whence looked the soul unfearing.
 But on that lip a smile remained
 As if, in heaven expected,
 Some angel guide heaven's joys explained,
 And thou his look reflected.

The autumn day rose pale and wet
 Deep in the grave they laid thee ;
 With drooping plumes thy comrades met
 And the last tribute paid thee :
 And thought upon the evening past,
 Thine accents bland recalling,
 Mid the low wailings of the blast
 And rain-drop fastly falling.

And thought upon an absent maid,
 (And strove the sigh to smother.)

Who now, perchance, in fancy strayed
 To meet her blooming brother,
 In fancy while the cold elod fell,
 Beheld his future g'ory—
 Her dream must pass—but softly tell,
 Sad bearer of the story,

His life's white tablet shines so fair
 It seems a dear illusion :
 Nor fault, nor stain, nor blot is there
 Save one—at its conclusion.
 To friendship's bosom be it prest
 Let weeping Love embrace it !
 One fatal blot, brave youth, but rest
 The tear and kiss efface it.

TO ———

WHEN thou my plighted friendship took
 And my heart caught and treasured thine—
 Ev'n then, I could not, dared not look
 For faith but half so true as mine.

I knew it but a lovely mist
 Which the first breath might waft away,
 Yet would I not the charm resist,
 But fondly knelt and wooed its stay.

Oh ! who can scorn the glowing rose
 Because tomorrow morn she falls ?
 Or fair Affection's portals close,
 Though all may soon forsake her halls ?

The tears that fall for pleasures flown,
 Draw many a sweet from memory's store ;
 But sighs from bosoms ever lone
 Like a cold cavern's vapours pour.

I never hoped that thou for me
 Wouldst tempt but half I'd freely dare,
 Did pain or peril threaten thee,
 To snatch and shield thee from despair.

But thy thoughts, words, and deeds, are kind.
 My soul can clasp thine image yet--
 Oh ! one with mine as closely twined,
 I may not meet—I never met.

Yet, for awhile, 'tis sweet to hush
 The truths that chill experience shows,
 While o'er the heart the trickling gush
 Of balmy rapture softly flows.

Ev'n friendship's but the bubble crown,
 The blue wave wears when day-songs ring,
 But oh ! Reflection, lay thee down,
 Nor tear one moment's tender wing.

ADOLPHUS.

ADOLPHUS—oh ! I know him well !
 Though wicked tongues surround him
 Well can this faithful bosom tell
 What it has ever found him.

When screened by greatness' powerful shade,
 To greatness' faults a stranger,
 He scorned to wrong a lowly maid
 With no one to avenge her.

And in the glad procession, once,
 With Fame's loud trumpet calling,
 He turned him from a royal dance
 To help a beggar falling.

Now wicked tongues traduce his name
 And envious ears receive it,
 But though from half the world it came,
 I never would believe it.

I fright me for his noble heart,
 I fear his grief will break it,
 Let me, Adolphus, bear a part,—
 'T would bless me to partake it.

Though prison walls enclosed thee now
 And myriads sighed to please me,
 Still, still, exulting in my vow
 I'd quit them all to ease thee.

And though thy honours budding bright
 The changeful winds have blighted,
 I'll cheer me through thy coming night
 With hopes to see thee righted.

But if the tempest rushing near
 Their heaven-fixt roots should sever,
 I'll love thee for thy fall more dear,—
 And leave thee, never, never.

STANZAS.

LIGHT lover of each glowing flower
 That smiles amid the morning dew,
 Go leave me lonely in my bower,
 Almora still will live for you.

Be thou the graceful butterfly,
 That flutters o'er yon gay parterre,
 The changeless amarantha, I
 Will wait for thy returning there.

Yes, I will wait, from morn till night,
 And only blame my powerless charms
 And wish I were the blossom bright
 That lures thee from my tender arms.

Yet, sometimes, let soft pleasure's spell
 Yield to a friendly thought—Oh! yes,
 Sometimes return to me, and tell
 How perfect is thy happiness.

In the magnolia's bosom deep
 Come tell me how thou wert cared;
 Return—thou shalt not see me weep—
 All fragrant from the rose's breast.

Recount thy pleasures o'er and o'er;
 Not one unkind reproach shall blend,
 Or jealous sigh, I'll claim no more—
 Too happy still, to be thy friend.

And when the summer's almost past,
 And all its madd'ning joys are flown,
 And, past its genial warmth, the blast
 Around thy wings begins to moan.

Perchance, amid the garden's gloom
 Thou'lt see me pensive but unchanged,
 And learn to love my lasting bloom
 And wish that thou hadst never ranged.

*Song of an Indian Mother.**

SOFT in thy earthy cradle sleep,
 Fast falling tears thy bosom steep,
 Yet why, my first-born, should I weep
 That thou art gone?
 The little bird when fledged and grown,
 Far from its fostering parent flown,
 Must seek a sustenance alone,
 And many a thorn,

And many a seed of bitter taste
 Are in the shady forest placed,
 And lovely fruits upon the waste
 Fell poisons hide.
 Why do the drops that dew thee, flow?
 At least, thou never now canst know,
 Of treacherous man the wiles and wo
 And wounded pride.

The springs young buds that blighted lay,
 Ere yet the ripening beams of day
 Called forth their perfumes, pass away
 Like thee my son.
 Ah, happy in a doom like this!
 While yet thou knewest but the bliss
 Of a fond mother's smile and kiss,
 Forever gone.

* Versification of one in Chateaubriand's *Atala*.

TO DR. ———,

Who as he sung would take the prison'd soul
And lap it in Elysium. *Milton.*

WHEN the lone danger of the wild
For science' sake thou dared'st to brave,
Well might he* love to call thee *child*,
Who dewed with tears poor Lewis' grave.†

For when fair Nature sank to rest
And blackly waved the forest trees,
And every warbler in his nest
Shrank from the midnight's mournful breeze.

Then as he praised with word benign
The music of his favorite throng,
Oh! W——! the power was thine
To soothe him with a sweeter song.

And when to greet the morning gray
Was swelling every downy breast,
Didst thou not catch the varied lay,
And steal of every tone the best?

The echo of some barren hill—
Some pebbly brook's melodious roll?

* Alexander Wilson, who was accompanied by the gentleman here addressed, in one or more of his ornithological excursions.

† The unfortunate Capt. Lewis, explorer of the Missouri, who died by his own hand at a hut not far from Nashville. Wilson visited his humble grave, and left money to have it fenced from the wild beasts.

No—wilder, softer,—varying still,
Thy soul-born cadence meets the soul.

The sighs of some forsaken bower,
Where love's sweet-breathing blossoms glow—
The dew that from some brimming flower,
Drops in the fountain-vase below.

Had Thracia's boasted lyrist sung
Such strains as float upon thy breath,
Each jealous hand had dropt unstrung,
And feared to close his lips in death.

If, as Libethrian maidens said,
The dew upon that minstrel's grave,
To every tenant of its shade,
Such more than earthly warblings gave.

Oh ! quit no more thy native plains,
But when thy spirit seeks her home,
Let o'er the dust which still remains,
Thy native rose and laurel bloom.

The stranger then who seeks our coast,
In search of philosophick lore,
The music of his groves shall boast,
And scorn our brighter plumes, no more.*

* 'Tis said that the birds of the New World, though more brilliant in plumage, are inferior to those of the other continent in song.

*On hearing the praises of Charlotte, the fair
departed daughter of Philenia.*

LONE in the desert drear and deep,
Beneath the forest's whispering shade,
Where brambles twine and mosses creep,
The lovely Charlotte's grave is made.

But though no breathing marble there
Shall gleam in beauty through the gloom,
The turf that hides her golden hair
With sweetest desert-flowers shall bloom.

And while the moon her tender light
Upon the hallowed scene shall fling,
The mocking-bird shall sit all night
Among the dewy leaves and sing.

For never did our western ray
Salute a soul more free from stain,
More true—and years shall pass away—
Ere it may warm the like again!

Ne'er did thine eye's deep azure seem—
Nor smile, nor speech, like those of earth,
Sweet blighted one, and well I deem
Thine was no mortal's usual birth—

But, when thy mother touched her lyre,
A form like thee was born of thought

Prolific grown by heavenly fire,
And Nature thence her model caught.

And well may those believe thee fair,
Who see that dark-eyed mother now,
And view despite of grief and care
The charm upon her lip and brow.

Sure Genius has a power to keep
Wrapt in a spell her children true,
And the sweet tears her daughters weep
Embalm the beauties they bedew!

But fare thee well!—the stranger's tear
Shall trickle to thy memory long!
And should thy gentle spirit hear
It may not scorn a stranger's song.

*Written after passing an evening with E. W. R.
A*****, Esq. who has the finest person I
ever saw.*

— — I took it for a faëry vision,
Or some gay creature of the element
That in the colours of the rain-bow lives,
And plays i' th' pight clouds. *Milton.*

WHO that has seen the breathing stone,
Or loved the Rhodian art,

Or heard the bard's enraptured tone
 With pleasure-quicken'd heart,
 Or who that ever felt that fire
 Which prompts the minstrel's lays
 Can sink to rest, nor strike the lyre
 One moment to thy praise ?—
 Thus ere his guilt, sweet Paris strayed
 Through wondering grotts and groves,
 Ere yet his fair Idalian maid
 Weeps him untrue—but loves.
 Thus from the bath young Phaon came,
 With that divine infusion
 All glowing, to the Lesbian dame,
 Like a bright dream's illusion.
 Like thine around his yellow hair
 The fond light loved to play,
 Like thine his lip allur'd the air
 More fresh when breath'd away.
 Like thee he tower'd, his blue eye beamed
 Like thine; a matchless grace
 So o'er his form soft floating, seem'd
 To veil its powerfulness.
 And yet not so—had Phaon shone
 So fair, Apollo's pride
 Had never such a rival borne
 And Sappho had not died.

SONG.

I heard her meek and patient sigh,
 I saw the furtive glances steal
 From her blue, timid, drooping eye,
 And felt the soft appeal.
 I thought, when absent, of her charms ;
 By every soft endeavour,
 I flew to win her to my arms,
 But—she was gone forever.

I saw her heart that still confess
 In throbs beneath her modest zone
 And snowy undulating vest,
 Where Love had fixt his throne.
 I hastened from that gentle heart
 Each lurking pain to sever,
 By every fond persuasive art—
 'Twas cold and still forever.

Sweet snow-white rose, I saw thee burn,
 Nor half thy threatening danger knew,
 And all too late was my return
 To bring the needful dew.
 But oh ! about my aching brow
 I feel the darting fever,
 Eride of my soul, I hasten now
 To meet thee—and forever.

THE BUTTERFLY.

IT was a calm midsummer even,
 The moon in pensive smiles arrayed,
 Beheld her beams that bright from heaven
 On the faint heaving ocean played.

Impearled the dome at distance cresting
 Fair Boston's heights with gentle ray,
 Soft o'er the grassy islets resting,
 That gem the bosom of her bay.

Half in the light like silver glowing
 Each mazy shroud and towering mast
 From her dark breast sweet music flowing
 A gallant bark her shadow cast.

Lone in that bark a youth was sitting,
 His eye was raised, a bright tear fell,
 Light o'er his harp his hand was flitting
 His lip apart.—Twas Adriel.

An open letter near was lying,
 Warm with the kisses late imprest,
 And lip, and soul, and heart were sighing
 The song its writer loved the best.

Upon the south's soft breathings thither
 A restless butterfly was borne,
 Languid he roamed, he cared not whither,
 Now his loved roses all were gone.

But, every reckless feeling chasing,
 Such soul entrancing numbers float,—
 'Twas Hope and Memory embracing,
 That lent a spell to every note.

Fond Memory breathed of long past pleasure
 With a wild sweetness all her own,
 While whispered Hope, "the absent treasure
 For her true minstrel sighs alone."

Directed by his taper's beaming
 Its thoughtless course the insect took,
 Now fluttered in his ringlets gleaming,
 Now panted on his music-book.

Ah! how the pretty wanderer needed
 Some pitying one to warn him! but,
 While nothing but his bliss he heeded,
 The cadence died, the book was shut.

His slender form, his mottled pinion
 Mocking the toils of India's loom
 Availed not: Pleasure's soft dominion
 He fondly sought, and met his doom.

SONG.

AH! whither can my Errol stray?

The jonquille bud is seen ;
Soft beams among the dew drops play,
The infant leaves are green.
The violet opes her azure eye,
The willow waves her locks,
The honeyed columbine on high
Hangs blushing from the rocks.

In such a season all that's dear
Seems fairer, lovelier, still—
When will thy distant form appear
Beneath the blue crowned hill?

Oh, dearer than the vital air
That keeps my soul with me,
Can all the faith and love I bear
Be dull and lost to thee?—

'Tis said—sweet sun-beams, is it so?

My country's sons are cold,
That, here, young Love lays down his bow
To barb his darts with gold,—
But, Errol, no!—thy cheek, thine eye,
Thy lip disdaining art,
Thy changeful brow—thy bursting sigh,
Each, all, declare a heart.

Ah ! more I fear some radiant fair
 Has spread her spell of charms
 Soft o'er the varying pulses there,
 And lures thee to her arms.
 Yet, couldst thou doom these eyes to tears
 That draw their light from thee,
 Ye winds, receive my doubts and fears !
 He comes, he comes to me !

SONNET.

AND has my Errol then forgot
 His Orra dear who loves to moan
 From all apart—her every thought
 Still fixt on him and him alone ?
 The violet o'er my mossy couch
 Bares her blue bosom to the light,
 The blossomed trees, at every touch,
 Shower o'er my head their petals white.
 But ah ! I braid my auburn hair
 And shade my zone with flowers in vain,
 My heart will utter what is there
 And tears unbidden speak its pain.
 Flow on, my tears, ache still, my brow ;
 Ye fall and throb unheeded now.

MORNING HYMN.

FLOODS of rosy radiance streaming,

Herald forth the star of day,

Lucid night tears trembling, gleaming,

Drop from every tender spray,

Buds unfurling,

Tendrils curling,

Murmuring meet the love-fraught breeze,

Music thrilling,

Brooklets trilling,

Mingle midst the blossomed trees.

Oh! 'tis sweet when such a morning

Charms us from the couch of rest,

But a fairer day is dawning

O'er the desert of my breast.

Soft assurance

Of endurance

Friendship to my soul has given,

Hope streams flowing,

Joy beams glowing,

Soothe her with the calm of heaven.

God of mercies! I adore thee

Pouring forth my raptures tide;

Let the coward bow before thee
 When there's nought to seek beside.
 Still improve me,
 Let me love thee
 Dearer when thy bounties flow,
 And when strictest
 Thou afflictest
 Uncomplaining meet the blow.

*On visiting, after an interval of nine years, the
 beautiful beach which skirts the village of
 Chelsea.*

FAIR was the lengthened beach, its wonted roar,
 So faint the billows beat the sandy shore,
 Was now a solemn murmur wild and deep,
 Low mingling with the winds that o'er its surface sweep.
 A cool and cloudless sky, of lightest hue,
 Dyed the deep bosomed ocean with its blue.
 The azure sands, moulded by recent storm,
 Of curling billows yet retained the form,
 And sparkling in the setting sun-beams wide
 Seemed like a mass of waters petrified.
 Save where the sea-bird silent sought her food
 And snowy shells the fair expanse bestrewed,
 Sands, waves, and sky, which only bound the view
 Shone one wide waste sublime of beauteous blue.

My ardent boy drew closer to my side,
 And the wild scene, with fearful pleasure eyed;
 The pupil spread, the open lip, confess
 The feelings new that swelled his infant breast,
 "Look! mother, look! 'tis deeper than the sky!"
 Th' expanding soul spoke in that eager cry.
 'Twas thus I gazed ere childhood yet had past,
 When o'er the noble walk I wandered last.
 Wandered, L*****, ever loved, with thee,
 I thought, and memory gave thee back to me,
 Thou can'st embodied from her deep recess
 In all thy melancholy loveliness.
 In loveliness—why didst thou die unknown—
 Whose native loveliness had graced a throne?
 In loveliness conspicuous while thy breath
 Strugg'led to leave thee—lovely ev'n in death.
 Oh! how I looked upon that dark blue eye
 Which still retained its speaking energy!
 Thy parted hair was damp with chilly dew
 And every moan thou utteredst fainter grew.
 One beauteous hand upon that gentle breast,
 Purpled by death, the folded covering prest,
 Till softly clasping both, thou raisedst thy head,
 It fell—the spirit had forever fled.

Oh! 'twas a day of terror and of tears
 That saw thee blighted in thy blooming years!
 A day that oped eternity to thee,

A day that fixt my earthly destiny,
 A day that gave me evermore to prove
 If I with gratitude repaid thy love.—
 Yes, thou didst love me! in my infancy;
 How often have I sat upon thy knee,
 And while with gentle hand thou smooth'dst my hair,
 Caught from thy lips the sweetly warbled air.
 And when perchance, for childish fable chid,
 Upon thy lap my tearful face I hid,
 Thy tender arms the sad offender prest,
 And let me sob upon thy virgin breast.
 And oft companion of thy morning's walk,
 I saw thee rob the rose's mossy stalk,
 And proudly pluckt, and in thy basket threw,
 When drooped the branch or low the blossoms grew :
 And thou wouldst oft pursue the murmuring bee,
 And rifle all her burthening sweets for me.
 And still in years of riper childhood kind,
 Thou prais'dst the feeble efforts of my mind ;
 And strove whene'er I read to give the tone,
 And modulate my accents to thine own.
 What taught thy lovely lips to breath, so well,
 So plaintively the tender moving tale?—
 The tear that when thou mused'st would sometimes start
 Betrayed, a sadness lurking at the heart.
 But all was silenced by thy funeral knell—
 Never to be forgot,—farewell—farewell.

STANZAS.

CAN I, so soon, forgotten be
By one so deeply dear to me ?

Memory would answer, no !
Did not this chilling silence prove
How cruelly has changed the love
Which I have valued so ?

Oh ! did the renovating beam
But through my wintry bosom gleam
To make it darker still ?
Just bidding from its icy bed,
The dormant floweret rear its head
Its tender leaves to kill.

The fair excuse for thee, dear theme
Of many a melancholy dream,
Impulsively I frame—
But were the truth that thou art cold
By unpurged reason told,
If sad conviction came—

Oh ! soothing thought, beloved so well,
The heart when yet 'tis thine to dwell—
That hour—thou shouldst forsake !
All interwoven as thou art,
I'd tear thee from that throbbing heart,
Which bleeds too oft to break.

STANZAS.

THOU art gone, again reflection
 Tells me I am sad and lorn,
 And intrusive recollection
 Will but utter, "thou art gone."

Now my arms no more enfold thee,
 Now my parting tears are wept ;
 Thousand thoughts I fain had told thee
 Wake, and wonder why they slept.

For my soul to pleasure starting
 At thy unexpected sight,
 Could not, with a thought of parting,
 Bear to cloud its new-born light.

And should Fate, my wish abetting,
 Ev'n this moment place thee here,
 'Twould but sigh forth, still forgetting,
 "I am blest and thou art dear."

TO ———.

SEEK thou the beauteous maid whose raven hair,
 Like wreath of jet curls o'er her forehead fair ;

With ample eye so black its sparkling ray
 Renders obscure the rivalled pupil's play ;
 Whose rich, ripe, ruby lips, of deepest glow,
 With frequent smile their polished treasures show,
 In contrast sweet of crimson and of snow ;
 Whose Parian neck supports her faultless face
 Like roses blushing o'er a marble vase.
 And if, perchance, upon her bosom fair,
 A wild tress wanton, through neglect or care,
 Contrast in fullest power to give delight
 Behold, while deepest black and purest white
 In soft alliance, all their charms unite.
 Gaze thou in extacy ! but be it mine
 To look upon the dark blue eye benign,
 That heavenward raised, in liquid brilliance pure,
 Seems of itself a heaven in miniature !
 Soft sunny locks, that twinkle o'er the brow,
 While azure veins just tinge the temple's snow.
 The fresh and rosy mouth, with ready smile
 That seeks the sense of sorrow to beguile,
 Though the sad bosom swells with smothered fears,
 And the soft lid can scarce contain its tears.
 While a deep plaintive voice, in tenderest tone
 Thrills on the ear like winds that murmuring moan ;
 Oh ! soul, that hath its origin on high,
 Best warms the temple deckt with heavenly dye !

TO ———.

OH! blame me not, although I seem
 To banish thought in mirth's light dream,
 My heart is sad at core :
 The little space from sorrow free
 Is quickly filled, and gaily
 Runs wildly trickling o'er.

Yet, trust me, 'twill not long be so—
 All floating in that balmy flow
 So soft and warm it beats;
 A word—a look—with deeper pain
 Piercing it through and through again,
 But faint resistance meets.

I know I should be firm and chill,
 I know that joy becomes me ill,
 Yet, if 'tis meet thou shouldst reprove,
 Oh! do it with a look of love.

TO MRS. ———,
my beloved and venerated friend.

Time, a very cold night.

LADY of melting heart and mien of pride,
 (Can there a nobler union be?) allied,

I'm thine alone to night, and yet essay
 In vain to weave a tributary lay.
 When sad imagination will not soar,
 The learn'd can gild their strains with classick lore,
 But thy uncultured friend to find a theme,
 Must wild'y banquet in some waking dream :
 And when the painted vision will not glow,
 Has only left to number out her woe.
 But Memory sketched thy last endearing smile,
 Some dreaded hour of anguish to beguile,
 And now her true and pitying hands unroll
 The lovely picture to my sinking soul ;
 And, like the sunbeams in a misty day,
 Brighten the clouds they cannot chase away.

Then come, my harp, come to these arms again—
 Ah ! why wilt thou so dull and cold remain,
 I'll tune thee o'er with more attentive care—
 Come, rest against my heart and warm thee there.
 I would expose thee to the air's soft sigh,
 Did summer spread a mild and mellow sky.
 These aching eyes, through seas of humid light,
 Could gaze refreshed upon its azure height,
 And bid these restless pains, and thee, good night.—
 'Tis yet perverse, but as the traveller, worn,
 Presses, for lack of softer couch, a stone ;
 Lady, I hang, apart from solace dear,
 O'er this reluctant, for the hour is drear.

The cold, cold moon emits a frosty beam,
 And piercing winds at every crevice scream ;
 And, like the prisoner bird of useless wing,
 'Tis only mine to shiver and to sing,
 Swell to some absent one, beloved the throat,
 And listen to the echo of the note.
 But what is cold, or heat, or calm, or storm ?—
 Could there be granted me one bosom warm,
 Heedless of all beside, this raptured ear
 Would but that friendly bosom's beatings bear ;
 Count every tender throb, and almost know
 The thoughts that rapid as its currents flow—
 Kind heaven permitted, once, that pleasure high—
 Rise, gratitude, and hush th' impatient sigh !

STANZAS.

No longer will I weep or sigh :
 Though many a bramble cross my way,
 If, but a violet, blossoms by,
 Its fragrance shall my pains repay.

Though many a dark and thickening cloud
 Has frowned from morning's earliest beam,
 Yet sometimes, bursting from its shroud,
 Their smiles, though faint, a lovely gleam.

Retain the power to vibrate still
 At slightest, gentlest, breath, my heart!
 Ah! happy if thou yet canst feel,
 Although forever doomed to smart.

TRUE POLITENESS.

MANY are pleased to think and write
 That every mind alike is white,

In early infancy,
 As block without a spot or stain
 From alabaster quarry ta'en,
 And wrought as easily:

So that a skillful artist may,
 Easy as making bricks of clay,
 Model the shapeless treasure,
 And make it Heaven's fair image man,
 Or reptile vile as ever ran—
 (Twere better, crept) at pleasure

While others hold, that one might try
 As well to make a panther's eye
 Emit a dove-like ray
 As form the heart: or bid the hair
 Of dames Cafrarian, on the air
 In long light tresses play,

Such thoughts as these in idle mood
 At open window as I stood,
 Through my soul's chambers fitting,
 I watched an urchin group that played,
 A little distant in the shade,
 In merry circle sitting.

Now as it chanced, I was not then
 Adjusted to a thinking train,
 So thought not which was best ;
 But said, may those, who know the way,
 Fill every dark abode with day !
 And let the subject rest.

Just then a pretty little maid
 To climb the grassy slope essayed,
 But soon as she had won
 About a quarter of the height,
 Became afraid and holding tight,
 Sat crying in the sun.

The hazy cluster rose, forsaking
 A ball or kite that they were making,
 But did they help her thence ?
 Truly for that they'd no intent,
 But laughed and leapt for merriment
 Produced at her expense.

And had she waited till they tried
 To lend her aid, she might cried
 Till all her tears were wasted :
 But a sweet boy came singing by
 With ruddy cheek and smiling eye,
 And to her succour hasted.

"Come, do not cry—you shall not fall,
 There is no danger here at all,"
 He said in soothing tone ;
 The while his sun-burnt arm he placed
 Around the little trembler's waist,
 " Why did you come alone ?"

And still upon the level walk
 Continued thus his artless talk,
 "Have you not got a brother ?
 No matter, dry your tears, I'll stay
 And go home with you all the way,
 If he will tell your mother."

His shirt was torn, his feet were bare,
 Uncombed and crisp, his plenteous hair,
 Adorned his hatless head :
 And 'tis not like a single word,
 In all his life he ever heard
 About such matters said,

Thus unembellished and exact,
 Reader, behold a simple fact,
 I would hut cannot pause,
 Upon conclusions to reflect;
 Too much enamoured of th' effect
 To think about the cause.

STANZAS.

OH! would I were as firm and cold
 As rock that guards some barren isle,
 And ever bears an aspect bold,
 Unmoved though heaven frown or smile.

Heeding alike the dashing wave
 That rages 'gainst its beaten breast,
 And the soft sea-bird in its cave
 By parent bosom gently prest.

But such a rock's frail weed, all white
 With the wild ocean-spray would be,
 When wandering day-beams lend it light,
 A meeter simile for me.

When smiles bedeck the face of heaven
 It sparkles back a kindred ray—

But, come one angry blast, 'tis driven
And all its lustre dashed away.

Oh ! never was I doomed to know
Thine influence, sweet tranquillity,
But to endure whole months of woe
For every throb of ecstacy.

Would I could meet thee, marble death—
Feel undismayed thy cold embrace,
In thy dark bed resign my breath,
For such the only resting place.

BALLAD.

THE wild winds sung the leaves among,
The grass-field seemed a sea,
The squirrel gray no more at play
Sought the low hazel tree.

The hoarse cascade loud roarings made
And black ran the river below,
"Now, dearest maid," her true love said,
"Fear'st thou with me to go?"

"No, Henry dear, I do not fear,
But the winds are growing loud,

And the setting sun casts lustre dun
Through many a clustering cloud.

"The woodman fells the oak and pine,
His sounding axe I hear,
Thy mantle is warm, if approaches the storm
His log-built cottage is near.

"Then let us fly to the cliff so high
And see the mad waters below,
In foamy flake as they seek the lake
As white as drifting snow.

"For still, to child of fancy wild
That loves the moanful lay,
An hour like this has more of bliss
Than renovating day."

'Yes, Henry dear, 'tis bliss to hear,
The storm that bends the tree,
When safely prest to faithful breast
That beats for only me.'

Fair shone her eye like cloudless sky
When midnight stars are bright,
And a brighter rose on her soft cheek glows
As they reach the rocky height.

And from her young protector's arm
Her graceful hand she drew,

To bind her hair that long and fair
Fell from her bonnet blue.

Then, luckless moment! fatal chance!
Her foot the grass among
A ground-bird's nest unwary prest,
And aside she startled sprung.

Oh! treacherous, treacherous was the sod
That seemed so firm and fair!
Its stay of stone stern time had torn
And death was lurking there.

The knotted grass and bramble root
Entwined in mazy wreath,
Suspended hold the mingling mould
But a fragment has lain beneath.

Oh! treacherous, treacherous was the sod
That fell not with the stone!
Oh! Henry brave thou couldst not save
She's gone, forever gone!

And better he had never come
Who snatched thee from thy doom,
Ah! better far couldst thou with her
Thou lovedst have shared the tomb!

For oh! the thrill of that shriek so shrill
Mid the wild rocks echoing dread

Thy whirling brain could not sustain
And reason frighted fled.

Next morn a ploughboy shuddering crept
To the brink of that fatal height,
The winds were hushed and the torrent gushed
In the beams of morning bright.

And where from earthy crevice grew
The bramble vine and thorn,
A ringlet fair of light brown hair
Shone sweetly in the sun.

Unhappy maid, that vestige sad
Remained not long of thee ;
But should the wild and playful child
But climb the neighbouring tree,

There, shining through the down, he'll see
Plucked from the flutterer's breast,
Full many a thread that deckt thy head
By tender nestling prest.

*Written after leaving the chamber where the once
lovely subject lay faded and almost dying.*

ELEGY.

WHEN youth sat smiling on that velvet cheek,
Ere yet a tear had dimmed thine azure eye,

I saw thee look as beautifully meek,
 As thought portrays a minstrel of the sky,
 Thy soul-refreshing form moved softly bright,
 As some fair, fleecy cloud, borne by noon's breathings light.

As blooming as the infant in thine arms,
 That brow unpencilled by a touch of care,
 I saw thee pass the morning of thy charms,
 Like sunny fruit, that ripening looks more fair.
 The eye grew brighter which that form cared,
 Like summer fields in swelling verdure drest.

I saw thee—nor was yet thy summer o'er,
 But—oh! a blight more cruel never fell!
 Scarcely the gaze recoiling vision bore,
 While thought bechilled pronounced a last farewell,
 Thou pearl of purest beam, and shrank to see
 Fell Death's corrosive breath consuming thee.

Pale are those lips, that like a rosy grot,
 Half opening, fraught with redolence the air;
 Faint is that smile, which once so sweetly sought
 The rounded cheek, to hide in dimples there.
 So o'er some ruined temple, sadly stray
 The last, few, lingering gleams of brighter day.

Soon Death will clasp thee in his ready chains,
 And Friendship, hovering o'er thy cold, cold bed,

Will clip the silken lock that still remains,
The only vestige left of all that's fled.

But dove, relentless stricken in thy nest,
Still will thine image flutter in my breast.

Still lovely vapour, lost, dissolved away—
Still, constant memory, thy hues will trace
Serenely glowing in their dawning day;

And dwell, though parted, still upon that face,

Which lured the youth immersed, from Pleasure's sea,
And bade him kneel to virtue, love, and thee.*

TO —

THOU couldst see, and undivulging,
When I soothed my soul's excess,
In a moment-dream indulging,
Coldly call it "thoughtlessness."

Thou couldst see, yet ne'er discover
The consuming pains I bore,
When Hope's sweet stream frozen over
Met my panting lip no more.

* Alluding to a circumstance prominent in the life of the lady described.

But thy blaming scarcely grieved me,
 And thy praise no pleasure gave—
 Rude and chilly I believed thee,
 As the bark-o'erwhelming wave.

Tell that hour when chance-directed,
 Or heaven-sent to my relief,
 Thou this o'ercharged heart detected,
 In its wildest burst of grief.

Then, oh! then, the tears that coursed them,
 Bitter from my bosom's mine,
 And the rending sobs that forced them,
 Tore a passage, ev'n to shine.

Moment,—but it mocks relation I
 Then the gem so long concealed,
 Glittered through its incrustation,
 All its preciousness revealed.

Then was breathed forth, undissembled,
 Genuine pity's generous sigh,
 While the just-born seraph trembled
 In the darkness of thine eye.

Every tie which might have bound us,
 Left undrawn by either's care,
 Loose and careless hung around us,
 As the winds had blown them there.

But, that moment, memory hinds them,
 Quick the just-wove chain she flings,—
 And my heart, its next throb, finds them
 Tangled with its tenderest strings.

But, it recks not, still reprove me,
 I will thank thee for thy care,
 Oh ! the heart that's learned to love thee
 Still can bleed, and still can bear.



*Written in the pocket-book of Mrs. ——— the
 evening before her departure.*

THOU departest, heaven's blessing
 Rest upon thee all the way—
 I restrain me from expressing
 All my heart would bid me say.

Though the wide lake's chilly deepness,
 And the forest's moaning tree,
 And the mountain's craggy steepness,
 Separate thee far from me.

I could love thee warmer, dearer,
 Lady—but I will not tell—
 Frowning Fate, to none severer,
 Disapproves it—fare thee well !

Yet, despite of Fate's displeasure,
 Many a slow-winged hour to bless.
 Still a stranger's heart shall treasure
 Thy peculiar loveliness.

While that gentle form reposes,
 As in mockery of her power,
 Bright amid the few pale roses
 Strown o'er pensive Memory's bower.



To Mrs. —, my beloved and venerated friend.

EARTH her snowy vest uncloses,
 Spring advances soft and fair,
 Coronet of opening roses,
 Blushing in her sunny hair.

Dimpled loves around her flying,
 Sweets to every blossom bring,
 Zephyr hovers o'er, and sighing,
 Soothes her with his purple wing,

But my heart ungrateful beating,
 Heedless of the hopeful year,
 Wastes its fervour in repeating
 All that's distant, all that's dear.

Still contentless, wishing, burning,
 Loving what it may not share,
 Every vernal breath returning,
 New regret awakens there.

But unbidden thoughts are pressing
 Which thine image should efface—
 Lady, Oh! in thought caressing,
 Meet once more my sad embrace.

STANZAS.

A sigh escaped—but sighs are fraught
 With joy as oft as care,—
 No! Heaven knows I envy not
 Because I must not share.—

When others to this heart display
 Delights it never knew,
 'Twill only pant and sadly say
 “Would I were happy too.”

But pour me forth a plaintive song
 I fain would all forget,
 Unless it be indulged too long,
 There's pleasure in regret.—

Pleasures like that, alone are mine—

But oh ! begin thy strain,
Be it half earthly, half divine,
Uniting joy and pain.

For surely, here below, it seems
The soul, the heavenly part,
Delights to mingle with the streams
That swell the earthly heart.

Be it like the sigh of him who views
A star-light sky and deep,
And thinks of her whose tears suffuse
The eyes that ache to sleep.

Let those wild, deep, sensations flow
That words may not express,
Like leafy branches murmuring low,
When the dark winds caress.

Oh cease not yet !—for one soft trill
Prepare thy flower-like breath—
As the last note of mournful thrill,
Just struggled ere its death.

How like a fluttering pulse !—you smile—
Ah ! make it still more dear,
And let me hold thy hand the while
And feel the same I bear.

July 20, 1815.

From the French of C. A. Demoustier.

No sooner was Venus delivered of Cupid, than Jupiter reading in his sweet and perfidious countenance the mischief that he would one day cause, proscribed him in his cradle. Venus, to conceal him from the wrath of Jupiter, took her son in her arms, and feeble yet, sought with her tender burthen the forests of the Isle of Cyprus. There she forgot the brilliant pleasures of the celestial court, and gave herself up to the delights of maternal love.

THROUGH all the day 'twas her's to prove
That soft but anxious transport blending,
And still with thousand fears contending,
Known but to those who dearly love.
Upon her lap the archer played
Smiling sweetly when carest :
His lip her ivory bosom prest
And every care was overpaid.
Reposed he, "winds be hushed !" said she,
"Young roses, now your fragrance shed !
Breath, Zephyr, breath around his head !
The poppy wreaths designed for me.
O'er him, (ah ! far more dear !) dispense,
Sweet slumber—how he smiles ! to wake,
Were sweet, forever, for his sake—
How fair is sleeping innocence !
And can that fragile hope be he
Whose laws must govern all the earth ?
Whose power, the moment of his birth,
Was doomed to combat Fate's decree ?—

Here rests the little form divine !
 Heroes and kings must wear his chains,
 And every mortal prove his pains—
 Even the gods—and he is mine !—
 But why thus alter ? Suffers he ?
 Ah ! what can hurt him ? He will cry
 No—his eyes open, with a sigh
 He wakes, he wakes to smile on me."

TO ———

TOMORROW, then, dost thou depart ?
 I hoped the tale might not be true—
 Believe me, stranger, as thou art,
 Reluctantly I say adieu :

Yet surely have no reason why
 Thy destiny should cost a sigh.

Thy hair, I know, is auburn bright,
 I know thy speaking eyes are blue,
 But there are many curls as light,
 And many eyes as brilliant too—

Though truly there is seldom seen
 A more engaging face and mien.

Still, those avail not—trifles—less—
 But when the rapid, flowing thought
 Falls from thy lip in playfulness,
 With spoils of classic blossoms fraught,
 How much of soul is in the glow.
 That dyes so oft that brow of snow.

'Tis not the common blush we trace,
 Of youth and bashfulness extreme,
 So often in th' uncultured face,
 As such as see thee *once*, may deem—
 No, thou hast grasped the hand of time,
 And breathed the air of many a clime.

Soft is thy cheek and downy; yet
 Of many a maid thou'st heard the sigh,
 The tender fair, the light brunette,
 Alike have felt thine azure eye.
 The Turkish dame has seen that face—
 And coldly met her lord's embrace.

The sense that ne'er can callous grow
 To pleasure's throb, or sorrow's smart,
 Bids the pure flood of darting flow
 Rush in warm currents from thy heart.
 Come, manhood, age, like mine-warmed rill,
 Mid rocks and snows, 'twill never chill.

Oh! sigh'st thou for thy native skies?
 Those fields with flowers and clusters fair
 Bloom but to bless a despot's eyes,
 And war and crime are lurking there.
 One tyrant hurls another down,
 Because—himself would wear the crown.

Stay—even here, light zephyrs fly,
 Now cruel Winter's loosed her zone,
 Stay—we have climes where Nature's sigh
 Is soft and healthful as thine own—
 Where our young Eagle spreads her wing,
 And cities from the desert spring.*

The subject of the following is poor, and condemned to toil for her support; but Nature certainly meant otherwise: seldom, in any station, are seen such beauty and feeling.

AND art thou then so soft and meek,
 And I the cause of all that woe?—
 Poor Mary, how o'er either cheek
 The gushing rivulet did flow!

* Look, reader, toward the West, and you will find the couplet poetically true.

Yet, had I known thee as thou art,
 By word, or deed, or look of mine,
 For worlds, I had not caused to smart
 That unoffending heart of thine.

For cruel is thy lot, poor maid,
 Its duties rough, for such as thou—
 And soon the glimmering beams must fade,
 That sometimes come to cheer thee now.

Ev'n dimpled youth, Hope's dearest care
 Scatter for thee few blossoms may ;
 And heaven forsake whoe'er would tear
 With ruthless hand one leaf away.

Beauty entwines thy brow, and love
 Would hold o'er thee a full control—
 The darting blush—the nerves that move
 That quivering lip, declare the whole.

And doomed the stern reproof to bear—
 Should some fell sinner ply his art,
 While yet a recent wound is there,
 Where, Mary, where might stray thy heart?—

No pitying thought for thee on earth—
 But oh ! would he in heaven despise ?
 A lowly maiden gave him birth,
 A trembling bosom hushed his cries—

Defenceless one, a thistle-field

Who'rt doomed to cross in cobweb vest,

No! he will be thy timely shield,

Or take thee bleeding to his breast.

THE SQUIRREL.

It glistened, faintly tinged with blue,

A varied wreath on either side,

As o'er the lovely Richelieu,

The wild woods only saw us glide.

The sweetest breeze of autumn strayed

In sighs along its surface fair,

Or languid rising gently played

In the young boatman's auburn hair.

Fair Phoebus veiled his beauty's blaze,

With silvery clouds of softest sheen,

As he had feared his glowing gaze

Too ardent for the tranquil scene.

Anticipation then forgot

To breathe a thought of future care,

And sleepy Memory whispered not,

Or faintly dwelt on theme most fair.

While thus we glided still along,
 Save the low murmur of the shore,
 It seemed as one from airy throng,
 Had dropt a plume in flying o'er.

The boatman turned our light batteau,
 But while he strove to reach the prize—
 It lived, it moved, it leapt, and lo !
 Sparkled a pair of jetty eyes.

It was a squirrel, light he springs*
 Upon the boat, to rest awhile,
 Though fear his panting bosom wrings,
 For he was wet, and worn with toil.

The little incident amused—
 Curious we asked, "how came he here?"
 "Why tempt the dangerous stream, unused
 To toil so painfully severe?

"Perhaps he heard the fearful sound
 Of sportsman, as he sought his prey;
 Perhaps beside him on the ground,
 Bedewed with blood his brother lay.

"Oh ! man, all cruel as thou art,
 Canst thou a pleasure but obtain,

* The little animal must have been at least a hundred and fifty yards from the bank of the river.

It saddens not thy flinty heart
To think upon inflicted pain!"

But ere we much could moralize,
He shook his furry dress of gray,
And quick as glauce from anxious eyes,
He lightly leapt and swam away.

Sept. 20, 1815.

*Written on the margin of the little river
St. Charles.*

BEATS there a heart that cannot spring
Elastic from its sorrows' pressure?
Glow there a lip that cannot sing
On such a day a song of pleasure.

Mild as the sigh from bosom meek,
Sweet as the breath of those we love,
The tender air upon my cheek
Seems shaken from the wing of dove!

How the delighted sun-beams kiss,
St. Charles, each little wave of thine!
That glows and trembles in its bliss,
Like bride that seeks yon holy shrine.

Lofty Quebec, St. Lawrence' pride,
 Thy spires amid the tender dye
 Of mounts that rise on every side
 Beam like the light of Love's blue eye !*

How like some wild bird's towering nest,
 Built on a rock as bleak and bare,
 While warm as those beneath her breast,
 Dearest affections flourish there.

I gaze, fair Nature, on thy charms
 Like infant on caressing mother,
 Oh ! keep me in thy beauteous arms
 And every sigh of sorrow smother.

“’TIS MIDNIGHT.”

I cannot close mine eyes to night
 Yet, if ’tis pain forbids,
 ’Tis pain so woven with delight,
 I well could wait till morning bright,
 With light unwearied lids.

Yet, very lonely is the hour,
 So deathly still and drear,

* The most striking objects in a view of Quebec, from this spot, are three tall spires covered with tin, which, from the salubrity of the air, always retains its brightness ; it has a fine effect when the sun shines, contrasted with the soft violet colour of the distant mountains.

That were my heart less full, from bower
Of yon black wood, wild Fancy's power
Would call the spectre here.

How often have I shuddering lay
"On such a night as this"
And thought when morning swept away
The trembling dews, advancing gay,
To see her smile were bliss.

But that was when my childish heart
That pleasure found in fear,
Throbb'd o'er old tale of magic art,
And almost saw "the infant's heart"
In bubbling caldron near.

Oh! never, never could I brook
The painless, joyless hour,
If't could excite I loved the book,
And while my frame with terror shook,
Could bless it, forceful power.

But now by bosom's inmost cell
Is filled, dear thought, by thee,
Ah! should I—must I bid farewell
To thee? Too blissfull, far, to dwell
With one so sad as me—

No, no, I will not hid thee part
 Thou'rt innocent as dear I
 And wild and hopeless as thou art,
 While thou canst hide thee in my heart,
 Its waste will seem less drear

ROSETTE.

ALL bleak and bare the old rock rose
 Frowning upon the scene around it,
 While low and distant music flows
 From the gray City's* height that crowned it.

So still, fair Nature seems to sleep
 Or hold her healthful breath to hear
 The mingling echos wild and deep
 Of Montmorency† murmuring drear.

But mellow moon-beams sport and smile
 In Orleans'‡ dark shrubs sweetly weaving
 While all around the little isle
 St. Lawrence' bosom ceased its heaving.

The noble river gently flowing
 In smooth and silent grandeur by,

* Quebec. † The Cataract of Montmorency.
 ‡ An islet in the basin of the St. Lawrence.

His broad expanse seems proudly showing
To rival heaven that lends his dye.

Who softly gains that wave-worn stone
And looks, and seems again retreating?—
'Tis young Rosette, she comes alone
And holds her heart to still its beating.

"And why," she cries, "why came I here?
Should any of these wanderings know—
I'll see the moon's reflection clear
Marred by the rising breeze—and go—

"The breeze has past 'tis still again—"
Her kerchief o'er her neck she drew,
But, dimpling o'er the liquid plain
Advances swift, a light canoe.

Her vestments are of a snowy white,
And flight would now avail her naught;
If Frederick—the eve's so light,
He has ere now a glimmer caught.

Slight obstacle will bar the way,
Where reason only bids us move—
Sweet the excuse that bids us stay
For the approach of those we love!

'Tis he! the rapid oars seem wings
Of sea-bird that has heard his mate!

'Tis he, he sees, he comes, he springs,
He gains the rock with joy elate!

His left hand prest the trembling maid
Impetuous to his panting heart ;
The other flung the curls, that shade
His forehead wet with toil, apart.

His quick breath met her balmy sigh,
And fans her cheek grown rosier bright—
The lustre of his ardent eye
Blends sweetly with the beams of night.

"Am I then blest?" he fondly said,
"Wilt thou be wafted quickly o'er,
And shall to-morrow's sun, dear maid,
Salute thee mine forevermore?"

Again protecting reason strove
To tear the artless maid away,
But thousand new emotions prove
Too wild and powerful to obey.

Unthinking youth, the deed thou dost
Will furrow that smooth brow of thine!
And art thou then, poor trembler, lost—
Must guilt profane so fair a shrine?

To heaven in thy morning prayer
Each secret thought ascended free,

And not a listening angel there,
But loved thee for its purity.

No! were it heaven or were it chance,
A little pendent cross of jet
That moment caught her tender glance,
And those fair eyes with tears were wet.

For 'twas a mother's death-bed gift—
A mother—none could dearer be—
And memory, to the summons swift,
Murmured, "wear this for love of me."

"I know thy heart is melting soft,
But when its treachery thou fearest,
Oh! look upon this jewel oft,
And think of her who loved thee dearest.

"'Twere bliss to leave this scene of care,
My orphan daughter, but for thee—
Yet heaven, if thou must ne'er come there,
Will seem a scene of care to me."

The thought was like the warning given.
When strangers o'er the river go,
In winter, where the ice is riven
In chasms 'neath the moonlight snow.

SONG.

THE sad sable robe evermore shall adorn me,
 My locks long and wild in the dark winds shall wave.
 I saw him, he parted, he looked not upon me,
 And cold was his hand as the dew on the grave.

Oh ! what filled that heart with despair's fell consuming,
 And sapped the warm glow of that cheek, but my pride ?
 Like the hopes they expressed, sweetly fair and half blooming,
 The last flowers he plucked on this cruel breast died.

I'll strew my lone couch, and the shrubs of his rearing
 Shall drop their soft tears on this earth-pillowed head.
 The damp breeze of midnight shall seek me unfearing,
 The moaning branch whisper " he loved thee—he's dead."

SONG.

I wish that all my heart has told
 Had not the power to move thee,
 For could I find that thine was cold
 I should no longer love thee.

But though when oft thou bear'st my sigh
 Thy lip will not repeat it,
 The darting blush and drooping eye
 Betray that thine would meet it.

Yet tremble not, Maria dear,
 It is not hope detains me,
 The thought, thou wou'dst but mayst not hear,
 Still soothes, and still restrains me.

Then let me sometimes see the smile
 Dispel thy soft brow's sorrow,
 And we may both forget awhile,
 And gleams of solace borrow.

Let me but still thy presence seek,
 Oh ! nevertmore confessing,
 I'll only listen when you speak,
 Nor ask another blessing.



SONG.

I HAVE no need to ask thee why
 Thine eye on me thou fixest so :
 Thou meanst that unresisted sigh
 Should utter more than I may know.

But, prithee, keep those words concealed,
 Which falling from thy lips appear,
 As yet thou never hast revealed
 A single thought I should not hear.

Still breath for me the plaintive strain,
 Re-echoed ever at my heart,
 And spare that heart at least the pain
 Of bidding thee forever part.

May 3, 1817.

SONG.

How bright those eyes of deepest blue,
 How fair those locks of lightest hue!
 But, ah! those eyes look not on me—
 Why should I note their brilliancy?
 That mien, how lofty with the proud!
 That manly voice, how stern and loud!
 Yet, when he soothed the sufferer's moan,
 How plaintive breathed its tender tone!
 That voice was softened ne'er to me—
 Why do I love its melody?
 Oh! breath not, Fancy, on the flame!
 Oh! Memory! murmur not his name!
 I'll bid the thought forever part,
 I'll tear the image from my heart—
 Oh! heart again be lone and drear,
 Thou mayst not hide a form so dear.

SONG.

MY own Maria! dearest maid,
Oh! listen and arise!
The midnight air that sought thy bed
Was freighted with my sighs.

Ten thousand dewy blossoms deck
The zephyr-shaken tree,
The lily strains her tender neck,
To mingle breaths with thee;

The orient is rosy gay,
The warbler quits her nest,
And gloomy night-mists only stay
In my hope-sickened breast

Come! though my locks are wet with dews
That trickling cold remain,
Look on my cheek without its hues,
And they'll return again.

I will not tell thee what a night
'Tis thou hast caused, my bride—
But! bless me with thy blue-eye's light,
I'll think on naught beside.

SONG.

'TIS in vain thy hand hath crowned me
 On my brow the chaplet dies,
 And the flowers that breathe around me
 Wither in my feverish sighs.

Oh ! this red and blending whiteness
 Mock in vain thy rosy wreath,
 And my eyes retain their brightness,
 But to light the bed of death.

Thou, at last hast vainly hasted
 All thy soothing comes too late ;
 And the bitter cup I've tasted
 Bids me smile upon my fate.

Oh ! 'tis bliss to see thee near me
 But I've wished and wept too long ;
 Thou hast only come to hear me
 Breathe my latest earthly song.

SONG.

WHEN thou see'st the river brighten
 At the morning's gentle mien,
 Think'st thou ne'er of what could heighten
 Once the joy of such a scene ?

When thou see'st the noon-cloud stainless
 On the smooth hill cast its shade,
 Canst thou think with bosom painless
 Of a lone and absent maid?

When thou see'st the light mists shining
 O'er the mountain's purple swell,
 Does no pensive form entwining
 Still about thy bosom dwell?
 Cease, my heart, such hopes to treasure
 Sadly, treacherously, sweet—
 Never more attuned to pleasure
 May thy trembling pulses beat.

When the blackened torrent's roaring
 Welcome to the louring storm,
 When no more the wild bird soaring
 Views the heavens' altered form,
 When the harmless boatman frightened
 Whirling in the foam you see,
 From the rocky shore, benighted,
 'Tis the time to think of me.

TO MRS. ———.

AND canst thou love a wretched one,
 Who from her earliest hour has known
 The frowns of Destiny alone?
 Who every morn,

However bright, awakes to tears,
 And wastes the blossom of her years
 Gloomy and lorn?

Whose bleeding heart, however warm
 And scattered hopes, and fragile form,
 Exposed to one perpetual storm,
 Can ne'er requite
 Thy more than friendship's tenderness—
 That firm-fixt star that burns to bless
 My deepening night.

Lady! this heart were far more proud
 Of what thy pity hath avowed,
 Than if the incense of the crowd
 Had met its flow;
 Though Fate to deepest, worst, distress
 Had dared to doom thy nobleness,
 Without a glow.

Such souls as thine but beam more clear,
 When life's rude wars are most severe,
 As diamonds in the dark appear
 In all their worth;
 But pluck off Fortune's painted wing,
 How many a crawling worm we fling,
 On shrinking earth.

From the Greek of Moschus,

CUPID THE RUNAWAY.

LISTEN, listen, softly, clear,
 Venus' accents woo the ear !
 "Gentle stranger, hast thou seen,"
 Thus proclaims the beauteous queen :
 "Hast thou seen my Cupid stray,
 Lurking near the public way ?
 Bring him back, and thou shalt sip
 A kiss at least from Venus' lip,
 'Tis a boy of well known name,
 Thou canst know him by his fame :
 Fair his face, but overspread,
 Cheek and brow, with rosy red,
 And his eyes of azure bright
 Sparkle with a fiery light.
 Small and snowy are his hands,
 But their tender power commands
 Even Pluto's empire wide—
 Acheron's polluted tide
 Loses at their gentle waving
 Half the terror of its raving.
 At his dimpled shoulders move
 Plumy pinions like a dove,

And or youth or maiden meeting,
 When among the flowers he's flitting,
 Like a swallow swift he darts,
 Perching on their beating hearts.
 From his back a quiver fair,
 Golden like his curly hair,
 Pendent falls in purple ties,
 Scattering radiance as he flies.
 He the slender dart can throw,
 Singing from his polished bow,
 Far as heaven : nor will he spare
 Even me, his mother there.
 And whene'er a victim bleeds,
 Laughing, glorying in his deeds,
 Still with added fires to scorch,
 He, a little hidden torch,
 Deeming not his mischief done,
 Kindles at the glowing sun.*
 If the urchin thou shouldst find,
 Let not pity move thy mind,
 Suffer not his tears to grieve thee,
 They but trickle to deceive thee.
 If he smile upon thee, haste,
 Heed him not, but bind him fast,
 Should he pout his lips to kiss,
 Oh ! avoid the treacherous bliss !
 Turn thy head, nor dare to meet
 Of his breath the poison sweet

* The sense of this couplet is altered from the original.

Should he ply his potent charms,
 And presenting thee his arms,
 Graceful kneel, and sweetly say,
 "Take my proffered gifts, I pray,"
 Do not touch them, still disdain,
 All are fraught with venom'd pain.

"'TIS education forms the common mind,
 Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."
 Great bard, thou warblest true ; but minds and trees,
 Though bent, retain their native properties.
 Prune, sun, support,—the poplar still remains
 Barren and weak, despite of all thy pains.
 Bow the young walnut, even to the ground,
 Still aromatick odours breathe around,
 And if, perchance, its generous growth should find,
 Too strong to burst, the envious withes that bind,
 Still, many a strong and healthful branch will rise,
 Whose ripening fruit shall glad the autumn skies.

PARTING STANZAS.

FAREWELL, the wildly varied scene,
 Thy peaceful heights o'erlook, Castine,
 The joyful vessel heaves in sight ;

Full in the brisk and buoyant gale,
 To bear me hence her sunny sail
 Is swelling snowy bright.

Fair are thy fields, and pure thy skies,
 From tree to tree the robin flies,
 And many a merry yellow bird
 Prepares to weave the mossy nest,
 While the soft joys that swell his breast
 From every spray are heard.

Fair are thy walks in tenderest green
 Of spring's first leaves bedecked, Castine,
 The blossomed strawberry, wet with dew,
 Spreads o'er the springing grass its wreaths,
 Where all around the violet breathes,
 Like distant mountains blue.

But the blue mount, the beauteous bay,
 The rocky islet crowned with spray,
 Or (objects ever dear to me)
 Thou, lady, twining o'er thy bowers,
 The pliant woodbine's embryo flowers,
 To bless th' impatient bee.

While round thee plays thy cherub girl
 Of azure eye and golden curl,
 Waving in long, luxuriant flow,

And arm of dimply roundness where
 Thou bidd'st with fond maternal care,
 The coral bracelet glow.

As far remote in childhood's hour,
 As memory possesses power,
 The early thought confused to trace;
 Young Fancy, in my bosom drew
 (The sky supplied her pencil's hue)
 Just such a form and face.

But neither objects such as these,
 Nor, cool Castine, thy healthful breeze,
 Nor warbling brooklet,* whence I drew
 The healing draught, can calm the heat,
 That bids my fevered temples beat,
 And wastes my heart—Adieu.

TO H. C.

IN those sad climes where breathless trees
 The winter sunbeam never know,
 With joy the pensive traveller sees
 The moon's pale lustre on the snow.

So in the lone and wintry breast,
 Where Love's warm sun may ne'er appear,

* A stream strongly impregnated with iron.

And every struggling germ's oppress
 With heavy snow-drifts clustering drear.

Dear to that bosom in its night
 Is friendship mild, which you despise,
 As that rich burst of rosy light,
 Which charms and dazzles happier eyes.

A LETTER.

BROTHER dear, alone and musing
 O'er St. Lawrence' moonlight bed,
 Sad regret, my heart suffusing,
 Bids it dwell on moments fled.

All in vain I strive to cheer it,
 To itself, that bosom true
 Tinges every object near it
 With its own delightless hue.

Yet the hour and scene before me
 Hush the ruder thoughts of day,
 And the muse that's sitting o'er me
 Bids me waft thee one poor lay.

Come, Imagination,—take me
 To thy soft embrace awhile,

And though all beside forsake me,
Linger still and still beguile.

Oh ! she clasps me, closer, fonder
To her warm but guiltless breast,
And o'er thy soft fields I wander
While the isle is steeped in rest.

Fragrant dew the citron laving
Sparkle in the full moon's light,
And the high palmetto waving
Graceful woo the breeze of night.

Woo the wild breeze slowly flying
Languid with excess of bliss,
Over flowers that drooping, sighing,
Give a tear for every kiss.

O'er the groves on gray wing sailing
But the mocking-bird alone,
Every meaner model failing
Pours forth music all his own.

O'er a golden orange perching,
Matchless minstrel of the west,
Eyeing heaven's blue arch he's searching
For, of all his songs, the best.

Now the midnight silence breaking,
Sweetly bursts the liquid trill,

While the weary stranger waking,
Harks—and thinks he's dreaming still.

But refreshing slumbers keeping
Still their vigils o'er thy head,
Brother dear, I see thee sleeping
Softly on thy silken bed.

See thee not as last we parted
When a lingering fever's flame
Through life's mazy channels darted,
Feasting on thy wasted frame.

But thy pulses gently playing
Healthful dews about thy brow,
And thy lip's expression saying
"All things smile upon me now."

Does my light-winged guide deceive me?
Art thou falsely brought to view?
'Tis too dear to doubt—relieve me
From the thought, and say 'tis true.

To ——— enclosing a lock of hair.

Go, ringlet go:—thee from my brow
Which brightens at the thought, I take—

The soft complacent thought, that thou
Wert asked for thy sad wearer's sake

Go, ringlet, go :—thy fitful gleams
Ev'n when it beats no more, may show
The feelings of that heart, whose streams
Gave thee the needful strength to grow.

Let hut a sun-beam round thee play
And thou'lt reflect a lustre glad,
But, hold thee from that beam away,
Again thy tint is dull and sad.

And like my heart thou'lt darkly lie
And seldom meet a cheering glow—
Poor ringlet, freighted with the sigh,
My lip ev'n now is breathing, go.

TO ———.

YES, thou art sad—I know not why,
And care not ; whatsoe'er it be,
That wakes the long and frequent sigh,
Fair youth, I can but pity thee.

Oh ! o'er the heart, whose circling streams
The chill of sorrow oft have known,

A melancholy pleasure beams,
While with another it may moan.

And, like Meschaceba's* viny flower,
A secret, silken, soothing tie
From each to either bosom's bower,
Is wafted by an airy sigh.†

Yet sure thou ne'er wert doomed to know,
Aught but the mildest smiles of Fate—
What is it then can pain thee so,
And such untimely gloom create?

Has some long treasured friend grown cold,
And left thy bosom lone and drear?
Or has some maid of faithless mould
Defeated hopes and wishes dear?

If friends once true forsake thee now,
With scorn their perfidy repay—
If Love's bright chaplet galls thy brow,
Oh! throw the thorny flowers away.

But what are precepts? let them cease!
They lighten not the soul oppress—
The sufferer vainly hears of peace,
The heart that's bleeding will not rest.

* Vrai nom du Mississippi.—Vieux pere des eaux.

† Souvent en egarant d'arbre en arbre ces lianes traversent les bras des rivières, sur lesquels ils jettent des ponts et des arches de fleurs.—Chateaubriand.

Oh ! thou art sad—I know not why,
 Nor will I ask—whate'er it be,
 That wakes the long and frequent sigh—
 Still, from my soul, I pity thee.

STANZAS.

NOT e'en a lonely star will shine,
 The cold rain dashes on the pine,
 The horse's hoof upon the hill
 But seems to say, "how still, how still,"
 And all around me either sleep,
 Or sit in thoughtful silence deep.
 Perchance they muse on days to come,
 On blissful love or happy home,
 Perchance sweet retrospection cast
 O'er many a lovely scene that's past.
 But Memory whispers not to me
 Of pangless, careless infancy,
 And Hope's bright eyes but faintly shine,
 To light this lonely heart of mine.
 But, light imagination, thou
 Must be my only solace now,
 Then bear me on thy quivering wing
 Far, far, from earth : and let me sing

Of generous hearts detesting guile,
 Of sweet Affection's soothing smile,
 Of beauteous Virtue, born on high,
 And Honour, in her majesty,
 Till every soul-oppressing pain
 Is lost in the extatick strain.

ERROL'S DREAM.

"Oh! ask not if my love be true, but listen."

I BADE the beauteous fair goodnight,
 And tore me from her spelly sight,
 I passed the wood and moonlight hill,
 But all her charms pursued me still,
 Still, still, in all its blooming grace
 I gazed upon that angel face,
 And the last, lovely look it wore
 Still darted to my bosom's core.
 I sought my couch, and, heat-opprest,
 Soon sank my weary form to rest;
 But my charmed soul at pleasure roved,
 And fondly dwelt on all it loved.
 Through fragrant meads and groves I strayed,
 Conducted by my joyous maid!

I saw her gain a fountain's side
 In all her native beauty's pride,
 Throw back her long and curly hair
 With innocent and playful air,
 And bending o'er the warbling wave
 The ivory of her forehead lave.
 The sweetest flowers I brought her now
 To deck her bosom and her brow,
 Now, of her smiles and beauty proud,
 I led her through a wondering crowd,
 Marked every youth's enraptured eye,
 And saw each maiden check a sigh.
 But, while my heart swelled high, she took
 With a half sad, half sportive look,
 Those blossoms, which the winds carest
 So lately, withered from her breast,
 And still on them and still on me
 Her bright eye fixt alternately.
 The glowing scenes of Fancy shift
 That moment, in transition swift,
 As some damp day-thought comes to blight
 Hopes that have gained too proud a height.
 Low lying on a lonely bed,
 While one pale lamp its glimmer shed—
 A form appeared, all friendless, lone,
 Deserted—e'en to me unknown,
 Till a faint voice in accents low,
 But softly sweet its tone of woe,

Pronounced my name—those tones I felt;
 Ah! with what trembling haste I knelt!
 And hoping, fearing, bent to see
 Who the sad sufferer might be.
 On her pale face the pale beam fell;
 'Twas her I lately loved so well.
 Disease her glossy locks had shorn,
 The roses of her cheek were gone,
 And those sweet lips so fresh before
 In smiling beauty oped no more.
 Her voice, her eye, though lustre-reft,
 Still spoke her soul—no more was left.
 While doubting mine with generous pride,
 She strove that soul's dear thoughts to hide,
 And said, "Oh! Errol, seek a bride,
 Who all the splendour of her charms
 Preserves and treasures for thy arms.
 I wish not to retain thee now,
 And Fate has cancelled every vow."
 But that pale cheek, and streaming tear,
 And trembling hand, were far more dear,
 Than all the cheeks and all the eyes
 That wake an Eastern monarch's sighs.
 And all I witnessed, all I felt,
 While by that wasted form I knelt,
 But to my bleeding bosom proved
 How deeply and how true it loved.

On hearing of the death of a beautiful child.

AS half on the arm of her fond mother lying,
 I last in the church of the village beheld,
 In her long amber locks the light zephyrs were sighing
 That blew from the deep-azure bay as it swelled.

And but that no plumes from her white shoulders played,
 I had thought as I looked on her innocent face,
 That some wandering seraph from heaven had strayed
 Allured by the calmness that breathed through the place.

Oh! beauty was ever a balm to my heart,
 And while I am bound in the spell of her smiles,
 The wounds that most pain it relinquish their smart,
 And I care not a sigh for the world or its wiles.

But, sweet one, oh! thine was a lustre too bright
 To gild any longer life's care-shrouded day,
 And now, as my praises had fa'n like a blight,
 The kiss of thy mother grows cold on thy clay.

'Twere an office most dear to afford thee relief,
 Sad mother, and pluck every sting from thy pain,
 But while thou art yet in the newness of grief
 All words that would seek to dispel it are vain.

On the far distant shore of the gulf of the grave,
 To the eye of the soul though its glories appear,
 How few but would shrink from attempting its wave,
 And retain what they love for the woes that are here.

And, sufferer, though to the regions of bliss,
 And light, love, and music, and beauty she's gone,
 Oh! the heart just bereft of an earth-hope like this,
 Though thousands console, must be blebbing and torn.

HYMN.

CALM to my fate I yield me ;
 For, God benignant ! thou
 From every ill canst shield me,
 So sternly threatening now.

Like hungry serpents writhing,
 Black doubt and fear no more
 Inflame with poisonous breathing,
 My bleeding bosom's core.

Thou cast'st a look of healing,
 My wounds their throbbing cease,
 And sweetly o'er them stealing
 Descends the dew of peace.

Bright Pleasure's wreaths of roses

I may not hope to win—

But soft the brow reposes,

That never ached with sin.

From all that's base restrain me—

Oh! while thy hand appears,

Let all conspire to pain me—

I'll drink with hope my tears.

ERRATA.

Title page, line 10, for *far*, read *fa*.

page 32, " 6, " *baer* " *part*.

" 69, " 1, " *lack* " *spoil*.

C